I'd Sell my Soul for Total Control Over You

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I'd Sell my Soul for Total Control Over You

by Celebrate_the_irony

Summary

"I know who you are Hannibal.”

“And I, you. My soul is knit with yours.”

“It’s unbecoming on you.”

“Love?”

“The attempt of it.”

Or Hannibal if Will and Hannibal were divorced before the start of season one

Notes

My personal favourite couple dynamic is a good person who has a deep love-hate relationship with their pet psychopath. Which doesn't happen a lot but odd it's happened twice.

Anyway, this is a taster chapter see if I love it see if I wanna dive more into it. Hopefully yes.

Steadfast Collapse

“Will Graham? I’m Special Agent Jack Crawford, I lead the Behavioural Science Unit.”

“I’m retired.” Will Graham didn’t believe in eye contact at the best of times, perhaps Jack Crawford expected himself to be the best of times from the silence that followed.

“I’ve heard, I understand you’ve had issues with the Chelsea office.”

“I didn’t pass the screening if that’s what you mean.”

“Too unstable?” Jack asked, he was trying to get a rise out of Will, he wants to see if Will cares.

“Too empathetic.” Will isn’t falling for the bait. “They like their bloodhounds neutered.”

“You empathise with narcissists and sociopaths.”

“I empathise with everyone, Agent Crawford, even those who attempt to goad me into recruitment. Is there a reason you’re in my workshop? If youre looking for maintenance work you’ll need to make an appointment.” Will finally stood up from the engine he was tinkering on and wiped his greasy hands on his coveralls.

“Mechanic seems a leap from an officer.”

"Engines don’t make small talk,” Will replied pointedly. Jack looked him over before continuing.

“I have eight girls missing from eight different Minnesota campuses in eight months.”

“I thought there were seven,” Will replied betraying himself. He saw the creep of a smile on Jack’s face. Fuck.

“There were, until about an hour ago before I drove to see you.”

“You have a fleet of agents at your disposal, why drive out for the crazy cop on forced retirement?”

“I don’t like my bloodhounds neutered,” Jack said as he finally caught eye contact with Will. Hook, line, sinker.

#

Will was pulled over on the side of the road, he was sitting in his trunk coaxing a collarless dog to come join him. A raggedy Australian Shepard… Winston. He was unbrushed, had ticks on his ears, and was on the leaner side. Will could relate, the empty bottles of aspirin

scattered about his car told him he should have fought harder about going back into the woods of the FBI. He felt himself at the precipice of a cliff he thought he'd already leapt down. He'd manage to live to tell the tale once, he failed to understand why he was choosing to tempt fate once more. That's not true, he knew why, an apology, to repent. Will's life would be easier if he was Catholic.

Winston finally seemed happy enough to rest his head on Will's knee. Will let him sniff his hand before scratching behind his ears. Easily pleased.

"At least someone here is going to leave the day better than they found it, hey Winston?" Winston looked up at Will and whumped his tail.

#

Will had been called into Jack's office away from the lab. When he arrived, he saw who he was looking at through the glass doors and elected not to enter. Rather he turned away and made a swift pace to the exit. Jack saw him, of course, he did, and opened the door to yell him back into the office. Will froze. If only he made it into training, maybe he could have learned torture endurance tactics, unfortunately, all he had were fogged glasses and laboured breathing.

He figured Jack knew, Will wasn't one to spout his personal life, but he thought it was common knowledge that will was the psychotic cop that thought his husband had started eating people. Maybe Will overestimated his celebrity, or maybe Chelsea did a better job at covering up their prize attack dog's breakdown than he thought. It had been a while now, maybe someone had an even bigger breakdown to overshadow Will's, or maybe Will's breakdown was nothing more than a common statistic in the FBI files.

At any rate, his husband was sitting in Jack's office, he had his suit that he wore as part of his practising doctor rotation of suits. Will was sure if he knew he was having a meeting with Will he wouldn't have worn something so… ordinary. Will turned back towards Jack's office. This was fine, he was just having a meeting with his boss and his estranged husband. Nothing unusual.

He sat in the chair beside Hannibal, opting not to look at him too closely. He could feel his stare though.

"Will, Dr Hannibal Lecter, forensic psychiatrist. Came to assist on the recommendation of Dr Bloom."

"We've met," Will replied curtly.

"Then you are aware of his strengths as a profiler."

"Amongst others." Will held his cards very close to his chest. "Who will he be profiling?"

“You, if you allow me,” Hannibal replied, despite not being spoken to. Jack went to interrupt. “I see no reason to be coy, Agent Crawford.”

“And if I don’t allow it?” Will continued to pretend Hannibal was not in the room.

“I advise you allow him, Will,” Jack said. “I want a psych eval on you, Will, I need to know when we’ve gone too far.”

“Why did Alana recommend him why not do it herself?”

“I imagine because you call her Alana and not Dr Bloom,” Hannibal replied, a hint of jealousy, humor? It’s been so long since Will has had to play the game of Dr Hannibal Lecter. He gave a heated glance at Hannibal.

“What’s stopping me from walking out the door right now?” Will threatened, he convinced no one in the room, least of all himself.

“Perhaps I should walk you out,” Hannibal suggested.

“Perhaps you should. Get some air, Will.” Jack said dismissing them both.

#

Will said nothing the whole walk. Once he reached the front door to the building, he nodded before attempting to dart off.

“We should get lunch.” Hannibal not so much as suggested but told. Will faltered.

“I’m a pescatarian.” Will watched the colour ever so faintly fade from Hannibal’s face.

“I think after three years, some adversity can be overcome, don’t you?”

“Depends on how far you’re willing to stretch the definition of adversity, why did you pretend not to know me?”

“I didn’t know it was going to be you,” Hannibal replied.

“No, you would have worn a nicer suit if you knew.” Will agreed.

“I’m sorry I don’t live up to your high standards. You look dreadful.” Hannibal remarked. “You’ve been having nightmares.”

“You gave me plenty of material.” Will retorted, he took a moment to study Hannibal’s face. “You’re concerned.”

“I worry who this version of me you have perceived to be is. Yes, I see my husband after three years and he looks like he hasn’t slept in that entire time and I am concerned.”

“You could have found me.”

“Most people don’t become untraceable with the intent of being followed.”

“We’re not most people,” Will replied.

“No. No, we’re not.” Hannibal smiled. “You needed time.”

“Time to forget? Get the rose-colored glasses back? I know who you are Hannibal.”

“And I, you. My soul is knit with yours.”

“It’s unbecoming on you.”

“Love?”

“The attempt of it,” Will said scathingly.

“I take it that’s a no for lunch,” Hannibal said as he composed himself. Will didn’t even dignify him with a response as he went back inside the FBI lobby.

##

Maybe Even You

Chapter Notes

> I don't know why I didn't just finish the first episode then and there but hello part two of episode one, like we're watching it on youtube in 2013.

“He took her lungs, I think she was still alive when he took them out.”

Hannibal

“This girl’s killer thought she was a pig.”

Hannibal

“No interest in field kabuki”

Hannibal

“Where did all the love go?”

It’s not love for her, it’s love for me. A gift-wrapped crime scene, he wants to remind me of what I left.

“And what of the copycat?”

“Ask Dr Lecter.”

#

“Good morning, may I come in?” Hannibal asks, Will is standing agape at the hotel door, he’s in his underwear trying to get the last bit of sleep out of his eyes. Hannibal seems unfazed, he’s holding a thermal bag.

“Lungs seem a little rich for breakfast,”

“I wouldn’t waste it on you.” Hannibal retorted. The closest Will has ever gotten to a confession and it’s a snide remark about his vegetarianism, of course.

“Where’s Jack?”

“Deposed in court, would you want him seeing you in your underwear?”

“Jealousy doesn’t suit you,”

“Nor does petulance suit you, might I come in?” Hannibal asked again. Will rolled his eyes and stood to the side. Hannibal breezed right past him. He stopped to survey the room.

“It smells of sweat in here.”

“Do you miss it?” Will cracked. Hannibal turned to face him, that hurt him. He won’t show it, but Will knows.

“Your nightmares are getting worse,”

“If only I had a caring husband that didn’t add to my workload.” Will retorted. Hannibal ignored him, he didn’t blame him. Not much he could have said to reply to that. He walked to the hotel’s paltry attempt at a dinner table and opened his bag of goodies.

“I brought you breakfast.”

“You’re apologising.”

“I thought that when we finally met it would be under better circumstances.”

“And what circumstances would those be?” Will asked. Hannibal stopped to consider it.

“I would have liked you to come to me out of free will rather than the illusion of it.”

“What made you think I was ever going to come to you out of my own free will?”

“You never filed papers.” He had hope. Now there’s an uncomfortable thought.

“Yes, well, a proclivity for cannibalism is hardly on the checkbox of irreconcilable differences.”

“If you wanted us to be divorced, Will, we would be divorced, delusions or otherwise,” Hannibal responded calmly.

“I’d never afford the alimony.” Will retorted. He always told himself if he divorced him he’d have to see him again. But that wasn’t necessarily true.

“Shakshouka,” Hannibal announced as he opened his containers.

“Ah, eggs and ketchup.” Will retorted as he sat down and dug in. Like nails down a chalkboard.

“I am told there is instant oatmeal in the cupboard if it is not up to your liking,” Hannibal said as he joined Will.

“Do you remember when you enjoyed my company?” Will remarked as he licked his spoon clean.

“I remember when we didn’t act like schoolchildren pulling on each other's braids.”

“You started it.”

“Did I?”

“You certainly escalated it.”

“Why not tell Agent Crawford if you are that convinced?” Hannibal asked. Will pondered.

“I told him no traceable motive, no pattern, and will never likely kill this way again. What would he say if I pulled your name out of thin air?” Will replied.

“In this fantasy, others might die if you don’t.”

“Beyond a reasonable doubt. Why do you not tell Jack?”

“It would hurt you more than help you. And I have no interest in taking something you’re good at over quibbles in our marriage.”

“You want me to be the one who catches you.”

“I want you to be the hero you always wanted to be.”

“You think if someone else does it they’ll do it wrong.” He didn’t respond to that. He gave no indication he even heard it.

“Dr Bloom spoke highly of you, she seemed smitten. Asked me to keep an eye on you.” Hannibal remarked. Will chuckled. Smitten.

“Her dog and mine seem to have a Romeo and Juliet situation going on. She often visits to get her back.” Will brightens at the memory of it.

“How are your strays?”

“Lucy is still kicking if that’s what your asking. Although I still catch her waiting expectantly for her extra sausage.”

“I didn’t spoil her any more than you did, I am shocked you haven’t forgone your bed entirely so they all might sleep with you.” Hannibal retorted. Will was silent. “Will.”

“Some of their knees have given out, they can’t make the jump.”

“Eat your breakfast.”

#

“See? See?” He hissed with his last gasp of air. Will shook violently as he dropped the gun.

He knew I was coming

Will rushed to the girl's side and attempted to put pressure on her wounds. His hands trembled and blood came pouring out between his fingers. Hannibal appeared next to him and slipped his steady hand under Will’s. Will scrambled to move out of the way his eyes meeting Hannibal's. They offered no comfort, they seemed to be watching Will intently. Will could muster nothing more than a shaky breath.

See? See?

Always Certain

Will entered Abigail Hobbs' room to see Hannibal asleep in the chair next to her. Oddly, it was a small comfort. Will chose to compartmentalize the part of his brain that told him there were ulterior motives at play. He would rather stand and watch a glimpse of what could have been. He supposed there was a reality in which Hannibal's true self was different, in which they were still together, maybe with a kid or two. Will would give them the gift of fishing and anxiety and Hannibal would give them sociopathic tendencies and an expensive wardrobe. The gorilla glue Hannibal must use to cement his hair to his scalp had given up, flopping his fringe into his eyes. Will could almost mistake it for vulnerability.

Will knew he was only mentally insulting Hannibal because it was easier than facing the other person in the room. The orphan he and Hannibal had made. The orphan is in a medically induced coma. Guilt was such a shallow word when it came to describing what Will felt. He had ruined this young girl's life, and there was little he could do to take it back. He collapsed on the couch at the end of the room and placed his head in his hands.

"Might I offer some comfort?" Hannibal asked quietly.

"If you say one word to me I will rip your tongue out through your eyesockets," Will murmured not even looking up to catch his response.

#

"I thought you might need this." Alana was standing in Will's front yard with her dog and a six-pack. Will was sitting on his porch with Winston by his side and his other strays sprinting around the yard.

"You thought right." Will smiled. Alana let her dog off the lead who sprinted off to find her Romeo.

"How are you?"

"I don't know."

"I don't blame you," Alana remarked as she popped the lid off one of the bottles with her keys before passing it to Will. "Drink up."

"Is that doctor's orders?" Will smirked.

"Very much so, Mr Graham. I'll have the prescription posted by Friday," Alana smiled back. In another life, if God were a kind man, he would have met Alana before Hannibal ever sunk his claws in. Alana sat down on the chair next to Will before opening her own bottle.

"I keep fantasizing ways where things could have turned out differently for Abigail Hobbs."

“Her father was a serial killer, Will, I doubt there was ever a way this could have turned out different,” Alana replied. Alana Bloom has never spoken in half-truths.

“She could have kept her mother,”

“Statistically she was doomed from the start,” Alana sighed. “You saved Abigail Hobbs, Will, you didn’t ruin her. If you didn’t step in, she’d be glue and meatloaf right now.”

Will wasn’t sure if Alana was right, but Alana certainly believed she was, and that seemed to make the load lighter.

“How’s teaching?”

“Miserable, I had to discuss you and your profiling of Hobbs.”

“You have my condolences,”

“They clapped.”

“They didn’t”

“I know.”

“Morbid.” Will shuddered.

“Grotesque.” Alana agreed. “They think you’re a hero.”

“Bad bookkeeping and dumb luck.”

“Look I tried to tell them.”

Will couldn’t help but laugh. They lapsed into a comfortable silence as they watched Harold and Nell chase each other, tails wagging, barking joyfully. To be a dog. A car pulled up, and out stepped, of course, Jack Crawford.

“Ah, I meant to say, Jack Crawford is planning to ambush you.”

“Thank you,”

“Will, Dr Bloom.” Jack nodded, and he stopped at the dog. “We haven’t been introduced.”

“Winston.”

“How are you feeling?”

“He’s a dog, Jack, he can’t talk back.”

“If you would like to take a minute from showboating, the board have put you up for a commendation and has okayed your return to the field.” Of course they did.

“Do I want to go back to the field?”

“That’s why I’m here. I want you back in the field.” Jack said not asked. “But I have told the board you won’t be back until I see that psych eval.”

“Ah.”

“You killed someone, Will, that’s not something anyone takes lightly, least of all me.” Jack stood firm.

“I used to work homicide at Chelsea, Jack, I have a strong metabolism.”

“I respect you, Will, and that’s why I’m going to pretend I didn’t just hear the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard,”

“Will, it’s not an easy thing you went through, you could really use the support. Hannibal was there with you, he knows what you’re going through.”

See, they might be making a convincing argument, if at the end of this, they weren’t sending him into the belly of the beast. Why not tell them? Why not tell them that the psychiatrist they’re recommending is his cannibalizing ex-husband who is trying to seduce him back one crime scene at a time? Ah. Well, when you put it like that.

“This is more than a formality isn’t it?”

“I need my beauty sleep.” There was an expectant silence.

“Well, far be it from me to deprive the world of the exquisite beauty of Jack Crawford,”

#

Will walked into Hannibal’s office, he’s never been here before. Well, that’s not true, he’s been to Hannibal’s old office. It was more pretentious than Will remembered his old one being, less human. Will doubted the amount of work Hannibal actually did here. He struggled to find anything that looked even slightly lived in. He wandered over to Hannibal’s desk to find his psych eval already written.

“You’ve rubber-stamped me.”

“Yes, congratulations, you’re functional and perfectly sane, if not a nuisance.” Hannibal’s voice said from up above. Two floors, how gauche.

“Don’t you want to even psychoanalyse me a little bit?”

“It would be unethical,” Hannibal made his way over to the ladder and began his climb down.

“I’ve never thought of you to be one that follows such petty things as ethics and moral structures.”

“You are my husband, Will, it would be immoral to treat you as a patient.”

“You say it like it’s a good thing.”

“It is to me,” Hannibal said matter-of-factly as he finished his descent. “I don’t think therapy would work on you, stealing into others' minds has taught you to fortify your own.”

“Maybe against you, I seem to be having troubles with my other forts.”

“The nightmares?”

“That too.”

“Do you wish to discuss it?”

“I thought it was unethical.”

“Not as husbands,” Hannibal said rather seriously, Will let out a bitter chuckle.

“Is that what we are?” Hannibal observed him for a moment.

“Is Garret Jacob Hobbs following you?”

“Why do you think that?”

“You thought I was.”

“You were.”

“We lived together.”

“Don’t negate me.” Will snapped.

“Admittedly that was all the space we shared,” Hannibal said adjusting his words. He let the silence goad Will into talking.

“Yes, he’s following me.”

“Where did you see him last?”

“At the gun range, he came towards me,”

“You’re stressed, a misfire in the brain that brings internal perceptions into the conscious.”

“How much do people pay you to tell them the obvious?”

“I thought I would try to comfort you about your fears of your victim.”

“Victim?”

“Is he not?”

“Oh, you’d love it if he was, wouldn’t you? Something to bond over, dearest?”

“What is he to you?”

“Dead.” Will intended that to sound final, but an emotion he wasn’t aware he had bubbled to the surface.

“Did you enjoy killing him?”

“No,” Will said a little too quickly.

“You were terrified,” Hannibal agreed.

“I imagined I was you,” Will said quietly.

“And this scared you?”

“I’ve yet to make a final conclusion,” Will said after giving it a think. He only now just noticed the space between them had gotten smaller.

“You’re wearing that disgusting aftershave,”

“This one had a naked woman on it.”

“Shame, I might have kissed you.”

“Then it’s working. I’ll try holy water next.”

“I have my next appointment. If that is all.”

##

Dream too sweet

Will woke to find himself wrapped in a blanket. He must have curled up and fallen asleep on the couch while watching Abigail. He didn't put the blanket on himself though, he rubbed his eyes and looked down to see Hannibal's hand resting on Will's hip, his thumb mindlessly rubbing circles along his waist. He looked up next to his head to see Hannibal reading off his tablet.

"I would have thought tattlecrime.com was beneath you."

"I'm reading about you."

"Anything juicy?"

"Nothing worth repeating."

They went back to silence as Will nestled further into his comfy spot on the couch next to Hannibal's lap.

"She's not your stray, Will."

"I know."

"Nor are you hers."

Will didn't reply. Maybe he had been waiting for her to wake up just for her to tell him he did the right thing. Imagine being so broken you need a seventeen-year-old to put you back together.

"Do you remember our first date?" Hannibal asked. Will frowned at the seemingly out-of-nowhere question.

"You mean when you served me foie gras and I covered it in mayonnaise?" Will replied. There was silence. "And then we got high and tried to figure out the constellations."

"I was thinking more of when you said to me the story of Orpheus and Eurydice."

"I did?"

"You told it rather crudely while inebriated," Hannibal explained. "You said you were afraid to look at me too closely in case Hades claims me as his own and I disappear."

"How prophetic," Will said before thinking about it. "I suppose I felt inadequate."

"You are the most interesting thing I have come across since moving to America."

"Then you should have gotten out more." Will scoffed. There was a moment while Hannibal seemed to debate continuing this conversation.

“I find myself in a similar predicament. I have a shadow of what once was and if I dwell on it, it will slip away as fast as it got here.” Hannibal said quietly. Will felt a sudden stab of shame, before remembering the situation that brought them here.

“Perhaps you ought to cry about it to Cassie Boyle, or whatever you have left of her.”

Hannibal swiftly pulled his hand away from Will but made no effort to move away. Will closed his eyes once more.

“Miss Lounds calls you Crawford’s crime gimp.”

Will grimaces at the mental image, and he wonders why Will has nightmares.

#

Will was running down the stairs. He knows. He slammed the stairwell door open. He saw Abigail’s gurney being wheeled out by an orderly. Will was winded, breathing heavily. He raised his gun and fired a shot aiming for the back of his head. He missed and took out a chunk of his shoulder. He collapsed and fell against the wall of the hospital. Eldon Stammets. Will never left his gaze pointing the gun squarely at his head.
“The journalist said you’d understand me.”

“Don’t flatter yourself, you don’t have any depths to understand,”

“Their spores reach for you when you pass by. I know who you're reaching for. You should have let me plant her.”

“Don’t pretend to know me.”

The sounds of clamoured footsteps were getting louder.

“You should know I’m a lousy shot, I was trying to kill you. Perhaps I still should.”

Eldon stared down the barrel of the gun. Will tightened his grip.

He was interrupted by hospital security before he could make the call.

#

Will was in a part of his woods, at least he figured it was his. He felt a chill climb up and down his spine. He had his gun gripped tightly.

And there it was, breathing down his neck behind him. He turned and pointed the gun up at it. The stag stood tall over him. It seemed unperturbed. Will shook and aimed the gun right between its eyes.

Nothing.

Will couldn’t do it, he couldn’t pull the trigger. He lowered his arms and stood in front of it, defenceless.

And he closed his eyes as he allowed himself to be gored.

And so it always ends.

I can't do it

Abigail was awake. Hannibal was the one to tell Will. Will heard from both Alana and Hannibal that there were some rather heated discussions about when Will should meet her, what they would talk about, in what capacity, the location, what Will should wear, how he should part his hair. You know, the usual FBI micro-managing. Hannibal was at the hospital before Will got there, not that Will asked him to be there.

“How many missed calls from Agent Crawford?” Hannibal asked with a hint of a grin. Will honestly hadn’t even thought of it, he thinks he may have left his phone at home truth be told.

“Have you seen her?”

“No,”

Will brushed past him to go straight to Abigail’s room.

“He catches insane men because he can think like them. Because he is insane.”

Ah good.

“Would you excuse us?”

“I’m not leaving you alone with her.” God, the theatrics.

“That wasn’t a question,” Will said with a quiet intensity. Hannibal had stepped behind him.

“He’s Special Agent Will Graham, special agent meaning not actually with the FBI, he didn’t pass the screening, too unstable.” Freddie stared at Will as she addressed Abigail. Will bit his tongue from proving her right. “And look he brought Dr Hannibal Graham with him, is your pet project going well doctor?”

“I must insist you leave the room.”

“If you want to talk-” Will snapped the business card out of her hand wordlessly. She strutted her way out of the room. There was a very uncomfortable silence.

“That isn’t who I am.”/ “You killed my dad.” Will and Abigail said at the same time. They seemed shocked at each other.

“I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Abigail said observing Will. They were going about this with all the grace of a newborn foal taking its first steps.

“You have been bedridden for three weeks Abigail, why don’t we take a walk?” Hannibal suggested, easing the tension a little. Will helped Abigail up when it became clear she wasn’t

going to manage by herself.

They slowly made their way to an outdoor garden area, mostly listening to Abigail's embarrassment that she needed full-grown men carrying her most of the way. They helped her to a bench in the sunlight.

"I'm sorry we couldn't save your mother, she was already gone."

"I watched him kill her," Abigail said with tears hiding behind her eyes. "Didn't seem real. He was loving right up until he wasn't. He told me he was sorry, he was going to make it all go away."

He did the same to me

"You think in the moment if you did something else, if you just did the right thing, if you were enough, the way they loved you would be different."

"I brought out the worst in him."

"There was nothing you could have done to bring out the best in him. The way he loved was wired wrong."

"I'm going to be fucked up aren't I?'

"I mean, look how I turned out."

"Is that meant to make me feel ok?"

"No, you never get used to it, and it'll always be a part of you. But you learn to live with it, and it'll be no more a part of you than the colour of your eyes."

"Do you get nightmares?"

"Constantly." A silence lapsed between them.

"I want to go home."

#

They had arrived at the Hobbs residence, taped up with cannibals spray painted all over the walls. Alana and Hannibal watched on as Abigail led Will through to her front door.

"I feel like I'm on a field trip from the looney bin," Abigail whispered.

"Or on loan from the freak show." Will nodded.

"Does it always feel this weird?"

"Eventually they start outwardly analyzing everything you say."

Abigail suddenly faltered, she had seen the bloodstain of her mother.

“Is this where she-”

“I’m sorry.”

“There’s no chalk outline,”

“There was no need to move her.” Abigail took no notice of Will as she knelt down to touch the concrete.

“Goodbye mom,” Abigail said quietly, she took a moment for herself before standing up and unlocking the front door. She walked inside and Will followed her to the kitchen.

“They turned all our pictures over.”

“We can go whenever you want, just say the word,” Alana said softly from behind them.

“And go back where? The hospital?”

“For now,” Hannibal said. Abigail looked at the kitchen floor.

“Is that where all my blood was?”

“Yes,” Will replied.

“Do you do this all the time? Just go to places and think about killing?”

“I tried to leave.”

“Why do you stay?” Abigail asked.

“I think about killing in the hope that others won’t have to experience it,” Will said after much reflection.

“What was imagining my father like?”

“Like I felt his shadow suspended on sand,” Will said. “You were different, you and your mother. You weren’t like the others, it was out of panic, he knew we were coming.”

“The voice on the phone.”

“Yes. Have you heard it before?”

“I didn’t know him.”

Will and Abigail shared a glance. *But you know him now.*

“Can you catch crazy?”

“I feel like it.”

“It's not a delusion if it's accepted as normal by one’s culture. Or family.” Hannibal remarked.

“My dad wasn’t delusional, he was a perfectionist. He used every part of what he hunted, he would pluck the hairs off his deer to make sure he got every one. If you’re using me to find evidence you won’t find any” Abigal retorted to Hannibal.

“It was something we considered.”

“We brought you here so we could help you leave home behind.” Alana interrupted.

“Should we act it out? How about Will be my dad, Dr Bloom my mother and you can be the man on the phone?” Abigail said cheerily while giving Hannibal a steely glare. Will tried to hide a smile.

“That sounds like a great idea, Hannibal. Don’t you think?”

Hannibal looked uncomfortable, finally touched a nerve.

“Why won’t we find any evidence, Abigail?” Alana cut through the tension.

“Because they’re likely being used as plumbers putty to hold someone's pipes together.”

“Where did he make it?”

“At our cabin, I can show you.”

“It appears we have company,” Hannibal said. A girl about Abigail’s age was standing behind them.

“Hey, Abigail.” She said awkwardly. Abigail lit up.

“Hey!” She stood up and grabbed the girl’s hand and dragged her out.

The next time Will saw that girl, her blood was dripping through the ceiling onto Will’s face.

#

“I don’t remember anything. Maybe a blur out the corner of my eye, then a big cut to black” Alana said while an EMT pressed a bandage onto her head.

“Nicolas Boyle attacked Abigail, you, struck Lecter across the back of the head with a fireplace poker.

“Where’s Abigail?” Will asked.

“Hannibal took her back to her hotel,” Jack said. Will crumpled.

He got to her.

“Scratched Nicolas Boyle before he got out the back door. Tissue matches the tissue pulled from Marissa Schuur’s mouth.”

It’s over, he won.

Will silently got up from beside Alana and started to walk off.

“Where are you going?”

“I want to go home,”

Any Moment

Will was sitting in Abigail's hospital room. Abigail wasn't there, he was told she was participating in group therapy. The FBI once recommended something similar for him, but he found not a lot in common with the others there. They lumped him in with domestic violence perpetrators and Will spent most of his time there wishing he had the guts to do what they did. Probably not the outcome they expected of him.

Abigail walked in.

"Agent Graham." Will grimaced.

"Just Will. I think we need to talk."

"I think so too."

They walked to the garden, away from as many people as they could.

"How was therapy?"

"One of them asked me if I kept my bloodstained clothes."

"God,"

"Did you ever go?"

"I found that "my loved one is a cannibalistic serial killer" is a group therapy session of one"

"Two now."

"I suppose so." Will smiled, before realising how grossly inappropriate it was.

"So Hannibal is your husband?" Abigail asked.

"Yes," Will admitted.

"Did you know?"

"No, not until about four years ago."

"How long have you been together?"

"I guess I would have been 22, 23? When we met." Will said, Abigail took a moment to take this in. Will was pointedly looking at the ground as he confessed all this.

"It's not your fault," Abigail said with the genuine nature only a child could muster. Will felt his eyes moisten.

“Thank you,”

“You’re FBI, right? Can’t you do something?”

“The last time I tried, I was institutionalised.”

“Did you need to be?”

“Not in the way they thought,” Will remarked. “What did Hannibal do to you, Abigail?”

Abigail bit her lip.

“I’m very good at keeping secrets,” Will reassured her.

“I thought he was going to kill me.”

“Hannibal?”

“Nicolas Boyle. I butchered him.”

“Your version Abigail, not Hannibal’s,”

“He pushed me up against a wall, he looked insane, he pinned me there, I was holding a knife, I didn’t even realise, I didn’t mean to.” Abigail teared up, “I’m becoming my father aren’t I?”

“The things we do out of survival don’t make us who we are.”

“Hannibal said they’d think I did it on purpose, that they’d imprison me. He buried him for me.”

“He wanted to stop you from telling anyone he was the man on the phone,” Will said. Abigail nodded. “We need to get you as far from here as possible.”

“Why?”

“Because right now you’re more entertaining to him alive, but I don’t expect that to last.”

Abigail took a deep breath in. Will realised he needed more practice talking to seventeen-year-old girls. He took her hand.

“You’re going to live, I promise you,”

“You can’t promise that.”

“I promise I am going to do everything I can.” Will corrected himself. “Act normal. Let him think he’s in control.”

“Won’t he kill me?”

“Not yet. The timing isn’t right.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“I’m still alive aren’t I? Just make sure you’re interesting,”

#

“Should we have had children?”

Will found himself chuckling in front of a wall of missing children's photos.

“You could at least pretend to entertain the notion.”

“No Hannibal, I have never thought that two orphans with severe mental health issues would make ideal parents.”

“Don’t judge us all by your own standards,”

“The only way we would be good parents is if we got a child whose previous parents fucked them up so badly we would look good by comparison. And even then,”

“Someone like Abigail Hobbes for instance.”

“Do I want to know what’s going through your head?”

“You see a kindred soul in her.”

“Hard not to. Are you picturing yourself in a parent-teacher meeting?”

“You would make a good father.”

“You wouldn’t, you’d eat the eldest to teach the youngest not to disobey you,” Will said absentmindedly. “These kids are small. underweight for their age.”

“You’re bothered.”

“I saw the charred corpse of a 12-year-old yesterday. He was shot by someone not much older than him.”

“I can imagine that would be a traumatic situation.” He was playing doctor with Will.

“Not traumatic, just, I can’t help these boys when I find them. I can’t give them back what’s been taken away from them,”

“Family,”

“Yes,”

“Your family hasn’t left you, Will,”

“My family was a painstakingly curated display of ideas you thought would keep me interested.”

“More of it was genuine than you seem to think.”

“Don’t lie, there was a reality in your head that when you outed yourself I wouldn’t think any different of you.”

“How do you think of me?”

“I wonder if the thing that compels us together is the idea that if anyone else saw our true selves they’d run a mile,”

“We have each other because no one else would,” Hannibal remarked. “Why would anyone be repulsed by your true self?”

“One doesn’t have Hannibal Lecter in their head for the better part of two decades and come out unscathed. I am learning things about myself that should scare me, but instead, I find myself unconcerned,”

“The killing of Garret Jacob Hobbs,”

“Amongst other things,” Will said with a casual air, he supposed in another life, this would be the beginning of a breakdown, but he knew who was. He knows who he is around Hannibal.

“I’m thinking possible ADHD diagnoses for both boys. Methylphenidate use.”

“You’ve been reading my medical journals.”

“I can be smart without you around.”

#

“Will Graham, the dead return,”

“The dead has a favour to ask.”

“As an agent?”

“As someone with a vested interest in the downfall of Hannibal Lecter.” A faint smile appeared at the corner of Bedelia’s steely gaze.

“Come in,”

Maybe Never With You

“Are you lost?”

“What?” He covered his eyes from the bright light shining on his face.

“What’s your name?”

Will didn’t remember getting here. Where even is here?

“Will Graham”

“Do you know where you are?”

“No,”

He felt a wet nose nudge against his thigh.

“Oh, hey Winston.”

#

“Will?”

Will was still in his pyjamas, Winston by his side. He walked past Hannibal who had barely put a robe on. Winston trotted after him.

“They found me sleepwalking about three miles from my home.” Will collapsed on the couch, and Winston hopped up and laid down next to him.

“Just now?”

“Yes. I had lesions on my feet from walking through the nettle.” Will was looking off into nothing, absent-mindedly running his hand through Winston’s fur. “Sudden onset of sleepwalking is far less common in adults than in children. Do you think I’m having a seizure?”

“Less common but not impossible. I would say it’s more likely stress, Jack Crawford has gotten your hands dirty.”

“I got my hands dirty, they’re not forcing me there,”

“No? I suppose they could save lives without you.”

“No, they couldn’t.” Will corrected it almost instantly, not in a boastful way, it’s just a fact. Hannibal smiled at it.

“So who is this?”

“Winston, he gets separation anxiety.”

“Like father like son,” Hannibal remarked as he sat next to Winston. “Your experiences may have overwhelmed ordinary functions that give you a sense of control. Staying still while we sleep is an unconscious act of autonomy.”

“You think I’m losing control?”

“Do you feel so?”

“You’re still alive aren’t you?” Will said meeting Hannibal’s gaze. He looked amused.

“Why come here?”

“I don’t trust myself to sleep alone.”

“Why not Dr Bloom’s?”

“If this is a ploy to cater to your ego, I won’t respond to it.”

“You don’t have to, you’ve already acted on it.” Hannibal said rather smugly. “What would you like us to do?”

“I think I need to go to bed and not wake up for a week.”

“We can arrange that.”

“Oh, I’m aware.” Will stood up and made his way up the stairs, Winston lept up to follow him.

“Guest room’s on your left.”

“Who are you trying to kid?”

#

Will woke up the next morning, Hannibal had nestled into him overnight and Winston was snuggled up on top of his legs. Not particularly wanting to disturb either of them he looked up at the ceiling and thought of his meeting yesterday.

Hannibal only had two friends, he only ever really had two friends. One was Will, and Will was his husband so he doubted if that counted, and the other was Bedelia, who he pays to see. Sure he had acquaintances, Will had lost track of the number of names he was expected to keep up with over their marriage. But no one he’d ever do more with than exchange pleasantries over dinner with. No one got to see Hannibal. Not that Will or Bedelia ever really got to see Hannibal anyway, even now, after all they’ve been through, everything is carefully filtered. He wants them to take down his forts, except no one is particularly interested. The fort of Hannibal Lecter is much better if it’s ignored and untouched.

“But one has to pretend to play the game.” Bedelia had said. “You and I are little but toys to keep him amused with, once we cease to be amusing, so would we cease to be.”

“I think he likes to have someone to play at being human with,”

“You make him admit that he is,”

Now there was something to inspire a loss of control.

“Abigail Hobbs figured him out.”

“Clever girl.”

“But foolish, I want her as far away from here as possible,”

“You don’t want her living on a knife’s edge,”

“I want her living, period. She’s a tool to provoke me, Hannibal has no real interest in her,”

“He is curious as to why you’re invested.” Bedelia corrected. “I have a colleague at Cambridge who treats children like Abigail. I imagine she would find her a treasure trove,”

Will grimaced.

“Or we can leave her here with Dr Lecter, the choice is yours.”

“A life as a lab rat is better than no life at all,”

“I’ll make a few calls,” Bedelia said happy to end their conversation there.

“Bedelia, how has he been since I left?”

“Insufferable.” The look on her face suggested it was not a good idea to ask further.

Will looked over at Hannibal now, the man looked content, vulnerable. The thought crossed Will’s mind that if wanted to end it all now, he probably could. Instead, he put his arm around Hannibal and enjoyed the peacefulness of the moment.

#

Will was pottering around Hannibal’s kitchen as he waited for him to cook breakfast. He didn’t ask for it but he was going to get it regardless.

“Hannibal, there are shrooms in your pantry.”

“Psilocybin, yes.” Will rolled his eyes. “They're for patients.”

“Why are they in your pantry?”

“Sometimes they make house calls.”

“To your house?”

“I have never been one for convention.”

“Can I at least get a coffee before you start lying to me?”

“There are psychiatrists that believe altered states bring us closer to traumatic memories.”

“Why do I get the feeling you were using these to create traumatic memories?”

“Because you think about killing all day.”

Will stared at the dried mushrooms a little longer.

“When was the last time we got high?”

“I believe it was before we saw Einstein on the Beach,”

“That’s right, one of your opera crowds insisted on us going so you slipped me Adderall so I wouldn’t snore through it.”

“Instead we got escorted out in act two.”

“You didn’t have to take them as well.”

“If you were able to pay attention, you would realise that I did.”

Will only wanted a coffee and now he was here pondering whether he was going to fuck up his whole day.

“Hannibal, what were your plans for today?”

“May we eat breakfast first?”

“I’ll put the kettle on.”

#

“I think I can see the back of my eyeballs.”

“How do they look?”

“Like they’re about to burst,” Will said after considering his response. They were lying on the living room floor, cushions and blankets spread about them, Winston carefully watching them from the armchair.

“I know how you feel.”

“What’s making you burst?”

“You.”

“Is that meant to be sexual?”

“No… maybe… interpret as you wish,” Hannibal finally decided. Will snorted.

“Why do I make you burst?”

“You’re back.”

“And?”

“I missed you.”

“I missed you too,” Will said after not much thought.

“No, you didn’t, you would have said something if you missed me.”

“I didn’t want to have to leave you, Hannibal,” Will said, and it was true. “I thought I’d wake up and you suddenly weren’t you know,”

“A serial killer?”

“Yes! You are! And I’m here tripping on your floor! What’s that all about?”

“A severe lapse in judgement?”

“You’re not about to kill me,” Will said then thought for a second. “Are you?”

“No, I very much prefer you alive.”

“Nice.”

“I wrote poetry when you left.”

“I don’t want to hear it.”

“I don’t want to remember it, I just thought you should know the person I became.”

“Disgusting,”

“It was. I did things I’m not proud of,”

“Me too,”

“I slept with Fredrick Chilton,” Hannibal confessed, Will was stunned into silence.

“I don’t think I did anything quite that shameful.”

“He was lousy. He still sends me letters and wears expensive cologne in my presence.”

“I mostly jacked off into my socks while crying,” Will admitted shame-free. “Really? Chilton?”

“It would have been more effort to deter him than seduce him,”

“If I had known the depths of depravity you would have slipped into I would have thought more about staying.”

“You seem more disgusted by that than the cannibalism,”

“I’ve had time to get used to the eating people thing.”

“I’m sorry,”

“No you’re not, it was an expression of love, you wanted me to see you,” Will remarked, oddly calm about it all, he supposed that's the mushrooms.

“And what do you see?”

“An overgrown blackberry bush,”

“A weed?”

“The fruit tastes better when you bleed for it.” Will said with a quiet intensity.

“I’ve missed you.”

“I love you too.”

There was a knock on the door.

“Is that real?”

“I heard it too.”

“Bummer.”

They continued to lie there.

Another knock.

“Do you want to get that?”

“I’m in my underwear.”

“And?”

“I’m also seeing colours instead of tangible objects.”

Will stood up. He walked to the front door and opened it.

Alana!

“Will?”

“Alana!”

“Is everything ok?”

“I believe so. Hannibal, is everything ok?”

“Maybe, who is it?”

“Alana!”

“Oh, maybe not.” Hannibal came to the door with a robe he hastily tied around his waist. “Come in,”

“Am I interrupting?”

“Not at all,”

“Then explain what I’m seeing.” Alana folded her arms. “Because it looks highly unethical.”

“I think that explains us rather well don’t you, Hannibal?”

“Why are you here?”

“I was going to discuss you taking my patient out of hospital without my permission. But I think we’ll circle back to that.”

“I don’t know if there’s much more to discuss in our current conversation.”

“Hannibal-”

“He’s not my patient, I can’t imagine any therapy working on Will Graham,”

“How flattering.”

“You brought Winston?”

“I did!”

“He gets anxiety.” Alana blinked very slowly.

“Are you high?”

“Yes,”

“And Will’s very high.”

“I would say so, yes.”

“I’m going to come back this evening and we can attempt to have this conversation again.”

“Sounds delightful.”

“I expect an explanation.”

“Bye Alana,”

“Bye Will,”

Hannibal shut the door on her.

“You have the mushrooms in your pantry because you got Abigail high.”

“Yes.”

“Because?”

“It helps unravel hidden truths. Somewhere between denying horrible events and calling them out, lies the truth of trauma,”

“I don’t believe you.”

“You don’t have to.”

“Fair enough.”

“I feel like we weren’t ever supposed to be close.”

“Maybe, we are though. Tell me more about this Chilton hook-up.”

“I have photos.”

“Oh, you spoil me.”

Looking Counter Clockwise

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Freddie Lounds ran an unconfirmed story that the Chesapeake Ripper may already be in custody," Jack said to Will as they stepped out of the car and faced the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

"Well, that's a lie,"

"I still need you to check."

"For Freddie Lounds?"

"For me,"

"I don't like coming to these places, I get nervous I'll come in and never get let out again."

"Not today, Will," Will snorted.

The orderlies guided them to Chilton's office.

"Mr Graham, I have heard so much about you,"

"And I so little about you," Will felt like he was about to be devoured by a small cat.

"Will came out of retirement to assist us,"

"Dr Lecter told me all about you, I was pleased to hear from him, we have a rather close relationship."

"More fool you,"

"Dr Chilton, we need to see the crime scene while it's still relatively undisturbed,"

"I assure you for something so disturbing it's undisturbed."
"Why was a nurse left alone with a prisoner in a high-security hospital?" Will asked. Chilton looked a tad ruffled.

"For the two years since he was brought here, Gideon behaved perfectly and gave every appearance of cooperating with attempts at therapy. As dictated by our present administrator, security around him was slightly relaxed."

"Present administrator?"

"I imagine after an incident like that she won't be holding that position all that much longer."

He says so much to say so little.

“Will needs to see the crime scene in as much privacy as possible,”

“Ah yes, that thing you do. You’re quite the topic of conversation in psychiatric circles.”

“I bet.”

“A unique cocktail of personality disorders and neuroses that makes you a highly skilled profiler.”

Will could only raise an eyebrow in response.

“Will isn’t here to be psychoanalysed.”

“Perhaps he should be, we are woefully short on material in cases like yours. Not today, of course, Hannibal was very severe on that front, but maybe you’d like to make a special trip?”

“I’m going to see the crime scene now.”

#

“What do you think?”

“I think that’s probably the third time he’s ever killed someone,”

“I agree. He needed us to believe he’s the Chesapeake Ripper because he doesn’t know,”

“But he’s not,”

“Definitely not,”

“But why does he think he is?”

“I’m not sure,”

He was walking back to the car with Alana, after their interviews with Gideon. There was a lull in the conversation.

“So, the last time I saw you,”

“What did Hannibal tell you?”

“I want to hear it from you,”

He supposed he could lie, but, he didn’t really see the need to. It’s Alana.

“Hannibal Lecter is my husband, closer to ex-husband,” Will said, “I doubt that’s what Hannibal told you,”

“No, no it’s not,”

“I’m sorry I never told you, I like to keep as much distance between Hannibal and me as I can,”

“Why?”

“We ended poorly,”

“And that’s why you were high in his living room?”

“We have a very unique relationship.”

“Will, I recommend him as your psychiatrist, you said nothing. Hell, he did your psych eval and you said nothing, do you know how unethical that is?”

“I doubt that Jack doesn’t know, and he was the one that accepted it.” Will retorted.

“I’m just, I’m so mad at you, Will,” Alana sighed. “I don’t know why you didn’t tell me.”

“I like that I’m not a curiosity to you, I’m a friend and not a project. I thought if I told you perhaps that might change.”

“Why would it?”

“I peeked into the light of Hannibal Lecter and I went mad from the revelation.”

“So you fleed from the light therein.”

“Hannibal has had his claws into me since I was 21, Alana, it’s hard to know where I end and he begins.”

“We could try to find out,”

“I’m not your project,”

“No, I’m your friend, I won’t be your therapist, but there’s nothing against having a few beers and having a conversation.”

“Won’t this ruin your relationship with Hannibal?”

“That seems like a Hannibal problem,” Alana smiled.

#

“Hello, Will,”

“I’ve had a miserable fucking day,”

“With the Chesapeake Ripper?”

“Yes, very funny,” Will looked down at Hannibal’s attire, “Oh god, you’re having a dinner party,”

“A work dinner,”

“Even worse,”

“I hasten to agree with you,”

“Should I just go home?”

“Please stay,” He was pleading with him.

“Chilton’s here, isn’t he? You know I heard you two have a rather close relationship,” Will smirked as he walked in. He dumped his bag at the door and made his way to the dining room. Alana and Chilton were chatting over wine.

“Will! Hi!” Alana brightened up when he walked in.

“Alana, Dr. Chilton,”

“How nice of you to drop by for dinner,” Dr Chilton said dryly.

“I’ve already eaten,”

“But Hannibal’s such a fine cook,”

“I’m a vegetarian, I’m lucky if I get rabbit pellets.” Alana chuckled at that.

Hannibal walked in and kissed Will on the cheek as he then went on to take his seat at the head of the table.

“Fredrick, I believe you’re already acquainted with my partner Will,”

“Husband, actually.” Will gently corrected. The look of vile hatred that he was given.

“Ah, so Will Lecter,”

“Hannibal Graham, not that it matters,” Will remarked. “So what is this?”

“We’re figuring out if Dr Gideon knows who he is,” Alana explained.

“And?”

“Inconclusive, apparently.”

“You don’t believe he is?” Hannibal asked

“I think he either thinks he is or knows he isn’t,”

“He thinks he is because he is the Chesapeake Ripper, and I agree with him.” Chilton stood firm.

“That belief doesn’t have anything to do with the upcoming board review for the replacement administrator does it?” Will asked as he sat down next to Alana.

“Why would it?”

“The man who uncovered the Chesapeake Ripper looks great on a resume,”

“You don’t believe he is?”

“No, there are too many inconsistencies. It looks like the Ripper but lacks the Ripper’s morbid artistry.”

“Tell me, did you discuss the Chesapeake Ripper’s crimes with Dr Gideon before he killed that nurse?” Hannibal asked.

“When I began to sense who he was. Feeling he was about to be exposed may have spurred him to action.”

“Do you think you inadvertently planted the suggestion in Gideon’s mind that he was the Ripper?” Alana said piercingly

“Surely you aren’t accusing me, Dr Bloom,”

“I said inadvertently,” She said as she took a sip of her wine.

“It’s certainly a possibility,” Will remarked. “It explains the hollow imitation.”

“And now we have a dangerous man who doesn’t know who he is,”

“And the Chesapeake Ripper remains at large,” Will said as he looked at Hannibal.

#

Will was helping Hannibal clean the dinner table, he wasn’t going to ask what organ that was or who it came from.

“Miriam Lass called Jack today.”

“Oh?”

“Don’t oh me, what are you playing at?”

“I don’t know what you mean,”

“She’s supposed to be dead, Hannibal, it’s cruel.”

“I would argue Jack Crawford action’s against yourself are crueller, so blinded by revenge he fails to see the destruction he’s causing around him.”

“What destruction am I going through?”

“You’re coming to me for help,” And Will had little to reply to that.

And when they found Miriam Lass’ arm days later, Will frankly was relieved to see she was actually dead.

Chapter End Notes

I understand why they cut out a lot of Alana in this episode, but respectfully it's a bad decision. Dr Alana Bloom my beloved.

Steadfast Collapse

“I can see why you have nightmares,” Hannibal said from over Will’s shoulder. Will was reading the case notes from the crime scene he’d looked at while lounging on Hannibal’s couch.

“Jack wants it to be the Chesapeake Ripper,”

“And is it?”

“I should be the one asking you that,” Will remarked as he looked up at Hannibal. “No, it’s not, he was trying to save him. The Ripper is more in the business of taking lives.”

“Save him from what?”

“Seems like a back alley organ harvest gone wrong,”

“You think he was organ trading?”

“It’s a possibility.” Hannibal sat down next to Wil. “How was Bedelia?”

“How did you know?”

“You have wine on your breath and you’re in a good mood,”

“That doesn’t mean Bedelia,”

“You have one friend, Hannibal,”

“She said something similar, she said I must be lonely keeping everyone on the other side of the veil,”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself,”

“You think I keep you at arm’s length,”

“I think there is an artfully constructed version of yourself that you allow me to know, perhaps one day, I will see beyond the veil, but I doubt it would ever happen, and if it ever were to happen, I think it would be against your will.”

“And you're fine with this?”

"So you shall be driven mad because of the sight which your eyes see.” Will recited.

#

“You slammed the door in my face,”

“Some would say a gentle swing,”

“It was fairly gentle, actually,” Price agreed with Will, never one to miss an opportunity to insult Zeller. He gave them both a glare before slamming a photo of the crime scene on the table. Two halves of one man sitting on either side of the bus, with nothing but an intestinal tract to join them.

Fuck

He then opened the morgue drawers to reveal the two halves in the flesh.

“Not only did he take his kidneys, but he took his heart, which he wanted to do in the hotel,”

“Ripper wasn’t in the hotel,”

“You still think that?”

“I know that,”

Fuck fuck fuck.

“The Ripper painted this picture, in big broad strokes,” Beverly remarked

“But wait, there’s more,”

Oh god.

Zeller opened three more morgue drawers.

“We’ve also got missing livers, stomachs, pancreas, lungs, one of them is missing a spleen. Who gets a spleen transplant?” Price asked.

“What’s this one missing?”

“Intestines.”

“Our Ripper is making sausages,” Will said quietly.

“What happened to our amateur organ harvester?” Jack asked.

“We’ve got two killers,”

“And one of them’s the Ripper?”

“Yes,”

“And are they talking to each other?”

“No,”

“Then how do we catch him, Will?”

“Been invited to any dinner parties lately?”

#

“Dad?”

“Yes, Abigail?”

“We’re not alone..”

“Will?”

“Hannibal?”

“You didn’t come home last night, I take it you’ve been here instead?”

“What time is it?” Will said as he looked amongst the crime scene photos laid out in front of him. Truth be told he didn’t even remember coming into his office.

“9 am,”

“Was I asleep?”

“You weren’t present. Your eyes were open, staring into middle-distance,”

“God,” Will said as he wiped his face with his hands.

“You’re looking at the Ripper,”

“I’ve been looking at him for a long time now,” Will sighed. “Why again? Why now?”

“What do you mean?”

“I feel like the wife of a relapsed alcoholic,” Will said softly. “I’m looking over these photos trying to spot a pattern, what could I have done differently to stop these people from dying? Why couldn’t I make you want to stop?”

“It’s a fool’s errand to search for culpability in other’s actions,”

“Yes, I get it, can’t say anything that would undo the stitches in your person suit.” Will snapped. “This is just what you do, isn’t it? This’ll always be what you do. There is nothing I can do that’ll ever change you, there is never a reality where I bring out the best in you. I feel like an idiot for missing you, all I’m doing is enabling you, encouraging you to keep doing this. And it’s fucking miserable because I miss my husband, you know, I miss him so much, but he’s not real, nothing about our marriage was real. And I keep seeing glimpses of him, but it’s not real.”

“What makes you think it’s not real?”

“Look at this!” Will said as he pointed to all the many scenes of mutilated bodies after body after body. “It never even entered my head that my husband was capable of doing this, and I

can’t see another victim without thinking I could have stopped you. I can’t even look at you anymore without picturing you doing all this. My nightmares are watching you dismember people. And I go back over every moment, did we fuck because you needed to destress after a late night at work or because you were high on adrenaline after butchering some poor nineteen-year-old? Was I supposed to be a victim and I happened to luck my way into survival? And it’s stupid because all I really want is to just hold my husband so tight it all just goes away, but it won’t, it never will.”

He was crying, he didn’t even realise.

“Will,”

“Don’t fucking touch me. Don’t even fucking look at me. I will rip your eyeballs out through your fucking asshole.”

“Will,”

“No don’t even pretend this affects you, it doesn’t. You’re only bothered because your favourite plaything is not around to stroke your ego. If you were really concerned you’d stop, but you won’t, this is the beginning isn’t it? The Chesapeake Ripper has only just begun his killing spree,”

“Ah Will, Dr Lecter, I see you’ve already started. Would you like to help us catch the ripper?”

“How could I refuse?” Hannibal replied as Will quickly wiped his eyes.

#

In the back of a stolen ambulance, Will watched Devon Silvestri poorly attempt to remove a man’s kidney. Hannibal stepped in and began to work to save the man’s life. Will watched intently. The man his husband was supposed to be stared back at him for just a moment as he resumed work.

I will never see this man again.

Street Wet Tonight

Chapter Notes

> CHAPTER TEN!!! Of something I didn't even think I was going to write more than a few words of. My god.

“So, what was it?”

“Might have been a racoon,”

“Might have?”

“It climbed out the top by the time I got through to it,”

“Will,” Alana said as she gazed at the giant hole in Will's chimney.

“I know how it looks.”

“How do you think it looks?”

“Yesterday I went walking to help a crying coyote but the only tracks I ever found were my own,” Will confessed. “I can’t trust what I hear anymore,”

“You think you’re hallucinating?”

“I’ve had breakdowns before Alana, this isn’t my normal.”

“What is your normal?”

“Non-functional, if I were having a breakdown we wouldn’t be talking. You would be talking at me and guessing if I understood.”

“So if not a breakdown, what do you think it is?”

“I don’t know,”

“If I were your doctor, I’d recommend a CT scan, could be neurological rather than emotional.” Alana said as not Will’s doctor, “Although, I also would have questions about your emotional state.” She added after thinking about it.

“What do you mean?”

“I haven’t heard from you in a week, sounds like social withdrawal and dissociating to me,”

“Hannibal reminded me why I left him,”

“Did you want to talk about it?”

“Maybe, maybe not,”

“How about we maybe maybe not over a beer?”

“I’d like that.”

An expectant silence filled the air as they sat down on Will’s porch. Will knew this trick well, doesn’t mean he wasn’t susceptible to it.

“When you and Abigail get together, what do you tell her?” Will asked.

“What part of that would you need to hear?”

“I think Hannibal and Garrett Jacob Hobbs have a lot in common,”

“What do you mean?”

“I caught him, years ago, doing something to someone that I wouldn’t wish on anyone, and I, I don’t think I ever really recovered,” Will admitted.

“Did he ever do anything to you?” Alana asked.

“Not in the sense that you're asking, but, I wouldn’t say I came out unscathed.” Will thought about it, “There are parts of myself that aren’t my own, and yet they’re the foundation that the rest of me is built on. He infected my brain to make it an extension of his.”

“It’s normal for long-term couples to share traits,”

“I doubt it’s normal to be frightened by these traits.”

“No, it’s not, but you can’t blame yourself for letting him co-habiting your mind when it’s something that just happens in a relationship,” Alana waited for Will to say more before she prompted him. “This incident, did it ever happen again?”

“I never saw it again, but I knew it was happening, he made it seem like it was something I invented, even lately.”

“Have you ever told anyone?”

“I repeated it so many times I became numb to it,”

“And what happened?”

“I was told to take a mental health leave then ended up forcibly retired. The only evidence they had was my word.”

“That’s an awful experience to have to go through,”

“And yet I let him back into my life,”

“Some people are harder to let go of than others,” Alana remarked.

But what does it say about me that I don’t want to let him go?

#

“I’m Special Agent Will Graham of the FBI, are you the owner here?” Will asked

“Yes, Tobias Budge. What can I do for you?”

“We’re investigating the death of Douglas Wilson he was a -”

“Trombonist? I was aware of him, Baltimore’s a small town and its art scene is even smaller.”

“We’re just doing routine checks of instrument stores, music classrooms,”

“Looking for someone who can manufacture catgut strings?”

“What makes you say that?”

“I heard someone cut his throat and tried to play it with a bow, the strings would have to be treated. You can’t just cut someone open and expect to make a sound.”

“They were, we kept that detail out of the press.” This felt less than routine.

“Agent Graham I assure you, mine are imported from Italy. The best ones are, they say allow music to say what words can’t.”

Will was about to ask something else when he heard a terrible screech and a yelp. He jerked his head outside.

“Did you hear that?”

“Hear what?”

The yelping continued.

“Excuse me a minute,”

He went outside and nothing was there. Again.

“This is getting fucking ridiculous,” Will muttered to himself as he took an aspirin. He took a second to compose himself before heading back inside. They were missing.
“Officers?” He unhooked his radio, “I need ERT to Chordophone Strings, officer down.”

He raised his gun as he walked behind the curtain to see Officer Stewart pierced through the throat with a violin bow. Fucking hell. He saw the doorway open to a staircase, he steeled himself before heading down there leading with his gun. He followed his nose to see what he suspected, catgut hanging out to dry.

“I must say, I don’t know what the Ripper sees in you,” Will couldn’t stop himself from scrunching his face up at that before he realised he should turn and face him with his gun.

“You were serenading him,”

“I followed him to a bus stop, it is fascinating watching an artist at work.” He was covered in the blood of what must have been Officer Dormau. “I envy your position, married to a genius.”

“You are more than welcome to him,” Will managed to say despite his skin crawling.

“I asked him if he wanted a friend, someone who understood him,”

“You’d be the first,”

“He said he didn’t need one, he had you,”

This may be one of the most repulsive moments of Will’s life.

“I don’t understand why he’d keep you around, he deserves someone who respects his craft, who appreciates his talents. Not some has been fake FBI stooge,” Will has had about enough of this conversation.

“Dr Hannibal Graham, Mr Budge, worships the very ground I walk on, he would cross oceans just to lick my boots clean. Dr Graham, has been and will always be at my beck and call whenever I so wish and do you want to know why? Because I am more dangerous than Hannibal could ever dream of being. You picked the wrong fucking Graham to serenade.”

He aimed and shot Tobias in the ear, shooting it clean off. He then aimed for the other and shot. Tobias covered them both and sprinted upstairs, blood gushing from between his fingers.

Will slowly walked after him, damn, ERT wasn’t there.

“ERT, I have a suspect on the run, headed down East 23rd,”

#

Will was at the second crime scene of the day. Hannibal’s office, a patient of Hannibal’s was dead and so was Tobias, reportedly killed in self-defence. Jack had finished interviewing Hannibal and was making a final sweep of the crime scene. Will was perched on Hannibal’s desk as Hannibal was pressing an ice pack to his shoulder.

“You had an admirer,”

“You shot his ears off,”

“You didn’t hear his speech,”

“Remarkably cruel practice for a cop,”

“I’m retired,”

“I didn’t know how to get in contact with you, he told me who he was,”

“I know, he told me who you were,”

“And who am I?”

“Not as dangerous as me.”

Stained Sheets

Will was sitting with his feet up on Abigail's hospital bed hiding his cards from her. Abigail sat with a smirk as she hadn't even picked hers up. On her hospital table, there were five cards facing up and a sea of jellybeans.

"This one's for all the beans, Mr Graham,"

"You cannot scare me, Miss Hobbs,"

"Au contraire," She flipped her cards up, "Full house."

Will placed his down, straight flush.

"That's what you get, Abigail, when you mess with the warrior," Will grinned, "Hand over your beans."

"Imagine, bullying a child out of her jellybeans, literally taking candy from a baby."

"You may have the blue ones,"

"Acceptable," Abigail said as she popped one in her mouth. "How's the killing business going?"

"It's lulled a little. I don't imagine for long,"

"Hard to top playing a man like a cello,"

"I don't know if I like the idea of all of the serial killers in the Greater Washington Area trying to outdo each other,"

"It'll keep you busy,"

"That's why I don't like it." Will sighed, "How's therapy?"

"They've put me into art therapy since group is not going well,"

"And?"

"All the other kids get to take theirs back to their rooms, and mine get taken straight to my clinician,"

"That bad huh?" Abigail laughed, "Miss Hobbs, we believe your art is so hideous it's actually sending you backwards in your therapy,"

"It's causing your clinician to consider therapy herself,"

"For the safety of yourself and everyone around you, put the art supplies down,"

“It’s not that bad!”

“It’s because you’re famous, they’re probably off selling it on eBay.”

“Oh, they sold the house,”

“Oh yeah?”

“Murder houses don’t get much money,”

“Should have told the realtor to really ham it up,”

“Freddie Lounds found out about it, I’ve been getting calls about really considering her book offer,”

“Good lord,”

“I told her to find another traumatised child to exploit.”

“That’s my girl,”

“Can I ask something personal?” Abigail asked after a pause.

“Go for it,”

“I take it most FBI agents don’t become friends with the kids of their murder suspects,”

“No, they don’t,”

“Then why me?”

“I’ve been you, and I was… what, thirty-six, when I was you, and it was the worst thing I’ve ever been through, I can’t imagine going through it at seventeen,” Will said simply. “I didn’t want you to go through it alone. Plus I like you, you’re a smart kid.”

“I like you too, I like your dogs more though, when’s Buster coming back?”

“When I can teach him not to pee in the gym bag I sneak him in,”

“Burrito him up in a towel next time, pretend he’s a baby,”

“No, nurse, that wasn’t a bark, he just has a bad cough.”

“Yeah! See! You get it!”

“Since I didn’t bring Buster, I will allow you to take my winnings,” Will said as he started to pack the cards up.

“How about double or nothing?”

“You already have nothing, you can’t double nothing,”

“No, you gave me the blue ones, we’re back on.”

“Oh, I see, well, in that case, prepare to be destroyed.” Will began to deal another game as Abigail cackled. It was moments like these that allowed Will for even just a second to believe he was normal.

#

“Will?”

Will looked up at Hannibal, this wasn’t West Virginia.

“I don’t know how I got here. I was in Grafton, West Virginia.”

“That’s three and a half hours away, you drove?”

“I must have,”

“You’re dissociating,”

“Don’t start psychoanalyzing me, you won’t like me when I’m psychoanalyzed.”

“Then why are you at my office?”

“I don’t know,” Will admitted, “I sleepwalk, I hear things that aren’t there, Alana said I should get a brain scan, perhaps she was right,”

“You want it to be physical so you don’t have to tackle the emotional.”

“And what emotional would I be tackling?”

“Don’t be facetious, you were at a crime scene when you dissociated, do you want to discuss it?”

“Searching for ideas? No, Hannibal, I don’t think I will.” Will said, he felt oddly calm about all this, it was like he was still sleepwalking.

“Well I’m not letting you drive home in this condition, it was a miracle you got this far.”

“Do I stay in your office then?”

“No, I’ll drive you to mine and we’ll come get your car in the morning,”

“I’d rather walk home,”

“I can drive you to your house,”

“I don’t want you to know where I live,”

“Then what do you want to do?”

Will thought about it. Winston.

“I haven’t fed the dogs,”

“I will get my coat.”

#

Will opened his door and immediately knelt down, home with his family.

“Hey! Look at you! Are we hungry? I think we are!” Will cooed as he greeted as many of them as he could. One trotted her way up to Hannibal.

“Hello, Lucy,”

“I told you she hadn’t forgotten you,”

“She’s a woman of taste, your family has grown since I last saw you,”

“Lot of lost souls in Wolf Trap,” Will said as he got up and walked over to the kitchen, a wave of enamoured dogs followed him.

“Should I mention the rubble and the hole in your fireplace?”

“I’d rather you pretend you didn’t see it for now,” Will replied.

“You own more dog beds than chairs.”

“The chairs also function as dog beds,”

“I can see, you paint?”

“Pardon?”

“The work on the floor,”

“Oh, no, that was here when I moved in,”

“I’m assuming the piano also came with the house.”

“Yes, most of the stuff did, it let me make a home without the effort required.”

“You look after the dogs more than you look after yourself,”

“Maybe, I have some things in here.”

“Why is the bed in your living room?”

“Are you snooping, Dr Lecter? Very unbecoming of you?”

“I am seeking an explanation, you spent three years making this into your home and it lacks any traces of you in it.”

“I never had to make a home before that didn’t have you in it. Forgive me if my only experience is living out of a dorm,”

“Even your dorm had posters,” Will placed the bowls on the kitchen floor and walked back to his bedroom, where Hannibal was now standing and judging.

“The bed’s in the living room because I had panic attacks upstairs when I couldn’t see if someone was coming, my house isn’t a home, it’s a respite,”

“It seems more like a hospice,”

“It’s a little of that too,” Will admitted. “I was convinced you were coming to kill me, and now you’re in my bedroom.”

“The fox is in the hen house,”

“Indeed,”

“How does that make you feel?” Will knew exactly how that made him feel, he wasn’t about to reveal it though.

“Do we have to do the psychiatrist bit?”

“Forgive me, I’m distancing myself from this because I am having trouble digesting it.”

“What do you mean?”

“I feel like I’ve reduced you to your worst parts,”

“I didn’t think it was that bad,” Will remarked, he didn’t really finish because Hannibal was looking at him with more emotion than Will had ever seen on Hannibal’s face, he looked like he might cry. “Hannibal?”

He kissed Will, suddenly, and without any grace. Will took a second to register what was even happening before he melted under his touch and wrapped his arms around him. Hannibal started murmuring I’m sorry over and over against his lips. Will was the one to break from it before resting his forehead against Hannibals, he wiped the tears from Hannibal’s eyes.

“I wish I could have been better,”

“Why wait for better when I could have you?” Will said and kissed his cheek.

“I’m not your husband, Will, we cannot pretend to be in the past,”

“Were you kissing me to recapture the past?”

“I kissed you because I have wanted to kiss you since I saw you in Jack’s office, I may be someone else for you, Will, but you have stayed the same.”

“Hannibal,”

“I belong to you, there isn’t a part of me that isn’t yours.”

Will kissed him, but Hannibal was too caught up in himself to truly kiss him back.

“I will hurt you,”

“And I’ll hurt you too, Hannibal, that’s just who we are now,” Will said, “I’ve been thinking, what if it’s not we have each other because no one else would, but more, we have each other because we’d have no one else.”

“Everyone else would be too boring,”

“So how about you take this off and start exciting me?” Will meant it to sound like a joke, but his voice sounded more stern and domineering than he ever intended. There is just something so intoxicating to Will about Hannibal Lecter, so who could blame him for partaking? He managed to mute the small part of himself telling him to stop as he took off his shirt and submitted.

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